

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, June 11, 1803.

Romance of the Four Dervishes.

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"AS we approached the house, I came a little to my senses, and began to recollect, that in the morning there was not the least preparation for entertaining my guest. I was distracted with the thought, my blood ran chill, and I sunk down on the ground, unable to proceed. My companion seeing this, attributed it to the quantity of sherbet I had drank; whilst I was conceiving some hopes, that, by the night coming on, I might make my escape from him in the dark. This, however, I found impossible, for we were in the open street, and he kept a firm hold of me, bidding me get up, and not be seen lying in the road. Seeing there was no remedy, I was compelled to rise, and proceeding nearer, I observed all the windows and doors of the house cleaned with water, and a great number of servants busily at work of all descriptions. I thought to myself I had mistaken the house, but upon a closer inspection I was convinced it was my own; and being now come up, the servants, but of respect, left off their work, and conducted me in. Here we were met by a handsome Indian slave, superbly dressed, carrying in one hand a goblet of wine and a crystal cup, and in the other a silver plate, loaded with cakes and sweetmeats. Bending his body after the Indian fashion, as a mark of his obeisance, he presented me a cup of wine. I was in such a perplexed state of mind, I had no relish for wine; but the young man having drank it off, he took

me by the hand, and entered the inner court of the house. What a heavenly place! The dazzling glare of lamps and candles surpassed the brightness of the morning; the fountains of water gave a coolness to the air; and by the foot of every tree were placed flaggons of wine, that rivalled the colour of the ruby.

"Upon the branches were hung cages full of singing birds, such as the mina, the bulbul, the tuti, and the kummeri, who, delighted with the universal blaze, filled the garden with their melodious notes. Passing through this, we came to the banquetting-house, which was laid with rich carpets. Table-cloths of the finest gold embroidery were spread out, and covered with delicate viands of every sort, goblets, and decanters of wine, and cups of gold, silver, and crystal. The room was illuminated with odoriferous candles of camphire, burning in massy candlesticks of gold: the servants in waiting were dressed in the most superb clothes: singers, and musicians of exquisite skill, and the most accomplished dancers, were sitting around the room: graceful cup-bearers, fair as the moon, stood in readiness at the head of a number of slaves, arrayed in turbans, and girdles of gold, and drawn up in equal rows.

"If my companion was astonished at this magnificent entertainment, conceive what mine must have been, who in the morning had left the house in its ordinary state, and without the smallest vestige of preparation! Having prayed the young man to sit down, I left the room in the height of amazement; to enquire from the idol of my heart how all this had been brought about; but after running through all the apartments in search of her, she was no where to be found. 'All this,' said I to myself, that I behold is but a dream,

and has no existence but in my own imagination.' Then, half distracted, I left the house, and ran through all the offices where the servants were at work; I searched the store-rooms, the wine-cellars, the dairies, and twenty other places to no purpose. When I came to the kitchens, I saw the cooks busily engaged in dressing dishes for our entertainment; immense fires, with roasting spits of lamb and kid, and every sort of fowl; and in a corner did I at last discover the fountain of my existence, concealed by means of coarse clothes, cooking with her own hands some dishes for relishes. I ran up to her, and eagerly kissing her hand, begged her to satisfy my curiosity with respect to all the wonders I had seen. She frowned, and said: "O, young man, is this civil behaviour to your guest? to leave him alone, whilst you run up and down through every corner?" 'Ah!' said I, 'you know my soul is wholly devoted to you; and being confounded with all these wonderful sights, I know not what I am doing. You alone are the mistress of my heart; I can think of no one else.' She smiled at my words, and telling me it was not a time for such tales, bid me go quickly and entertain my guest to the utmost of my power. 'Be not deficient,' said she, 'in hospitality and liberality, but order every thing that may conduce to the pleasure of the banquet: distribute gold, and silver, and fine dresses, to the best performers; and, considering yourself master of all you see, be not backward in giving orders to the servants, or in calling for what you want. And,' added she, 'be sure you send, if possible, for the merchant's fair slave, that his happiness may be complete:—For without the presence of the fair,' says the poet, 'what enjoyment is there in wine?'

"Dervishes, encouraged by these words,

I returned to the banquet-room with a heart grateful to God, that although for some time I had been in distress, he had now raised me to the summit of happiness.

"I ordered the musicians and dancers to entertain us during our repast; and, unsuspecting of the fickleness of fortune, I filled out the cup of pleasure to my companion with a liberal hand. 'As this house,' said I, 'and all that it contains, is at your command, it is good that your fair slave be present, to entertain us with her bewitching company.' The young man having consented, some of our slaves were dispatched to his house, and returned with her. Three days and nights did we spend in such a jovial manner, that the eye of time never beheld the like. I exclaimed,

'Thanks to God that I have now gained the height of my wishes,

'And that fortune is under my feet;

'My mistress is in my embrace, and my cup is full of wine:

'Henceforth I shall be a stranger to care and sorrow!'

"About the middle of the fourth night, I began to recover from the effects of intoxication: for

'Wine had again deprived me of reason:

'Again had it shown me its resistless power.'

"By the time that I had completely recovered my senses, the sun was advancing in his course. I sprung up from the place I had been sleeping in; but what was my surprise when no one was to be seen! all the slaves, musicians, attendants and others, had disappeared, and not a vestige of the banquet remained. I ran through the whole house in a fit of distraction; but every place was desolate and forsaken. Returning again to the banquet-room, I espied a blanket rolled up in a corner, which upon opening out, disclosed the horrible sight of the young man and his fair slave, barbarously murdered, covered with blood and dust! At first I fainted away; but recovering soon, I rent the air with my piercing screams, and was almost driven to desperation at the thoughts of the sea of troubles I was plunged into, and how I should extricate myself from them.

"O! dervishes, to be a lover, and distracted with love, was my unhappy fate; and from the time I had arrived at Shaum, till this lamentable catastrophe, several circumstances had happened that appeared quite inexplicable. Whilst I was bewailing my wretched condition, I observed somebody open the outer gate, and approach the house. Suspecting it might be one of the young

man's servants, I determined to prevent him, if possible, from returning with the information of what had happened, till the approach of night, when I hoped to escape out of the city unobserved. Concealing myself in the garden, by slipping cautiously behind the trees, I came up and locked the gate, then rushing suddenly upon him, I gave a loud cry, and beat him to the ground. Upon taking a better look of him, I recognized him to be one of the slaves who had been some days in my service. 'What is become of that deceitful enchantress your mistress?' cried I; 'where have you been yourself? and for what are you come?'

'Speak not reproachfully of my mistress,' said he; 'you are the only subject of her thoughts, and it is by her orders I am come to conduct you to her presence.' The hope of again seeing her, obliterated every idea of the past. I followed the slave in a delirium of joy, till we came to a place surrounded by high walls, which from its appearance seemed to be the residence of some person of great rank. Near this stood a mosque, where the slave bidding me remain, entered a door which led to the inside of the walls. In a little time after, he again appeared with another person, and stepping up to me, told me I must wait in the mosque till night, when the steward whom I saw, would open the door of the walls, and convey me to the presence of my beloved. With weeping eyes, and a sorrowful heart, I entered the mosque, and sat down in a corner not disturbed by the people, in anxious impatience for night. When it came at last, and all the people had retired to their homes, I came out, and waited at the door in expectation of its being opened. Whilst I was in this uncertainty, I vented my grief in the following words:

'In the night of separation I have no friend to console me.

'I am resigned to death; but death comes not.

'But in this world I find none who have drunk like me of the cup of affliction.

'What a condition is mine, never to be free from grief and sorrow!

'What a life is mine, where I never meet a moment of peace or happiness!

'Could I but for a moment impart to you my love-sick tale.—

'But what avails the wish, when by it I cannot see you?

'Art thou a houri or an angel?—O God! what celestial beauty!

'Never among the children of men did I see the like.

'My Head, like an air-bell, floats on the cup of thy love;

'And like it, alas! my life sees no durability to its existence.

'I am come again to throw my head at your feet;

'What signifies my head, I sacrifice even my very soul:

'Like a madman, I will tear asunder its veil:

'I will burst open my heart, that my love be exposed to view.

'Though you extinguish my life like a taper, yet death from thy hand gives me new existence:

'Though you strike me like a harp, yet like it I will sing for joy.

'A lover, and distracted with thy beauty, I am the most wretched of beings;

'But, since there is no remedy, I am resigned to my sufferings.'

"Suddenly the door opened, and the steward desired me to come in. I entered, and beheld an extensive garden, trees loaded with fruit, parterres glowing with roses, and in the midst a large stream, whose banks were laid with a velvet carpet, and illuminated by candles of camphire burning in golden candlesticks. Sitting down here by the steward's direction, I watched with my heart and eyes from what quarter the full moon of beauty would arise. In about an hour the mistress of my heart appeared in all her splendour, and heightened the flame of my love to the highest pitch.

'Her hair, scented like musk, fell in graceful ringlets on her shoulders.

'A thousand loves revelled in her eyes, and in her eye-brows lurked a thousand enchantments.'

"She approached with a graceful step, and asked kindly after my welfare. Every word she uttered was salt to my wounded heart; my senses were overpowered with love, and I could scarce breathe with agitation. Observing my confusion, she smiled kindly upon me, and calmed the turbulence of my passions by her affability and condescension. She then addressed me in the following words: 'Dear Sir, I must entreat your forgiveness for the trouble and distress I have caused you. You have suffered much indeed, on my account: you have, from the first day you saw me, exerted yourself by every means in your power to make me happy, nor have ever tasted repose, or relaxed a moment from attending to my wishes. May God, for all this, preserve you from the caprice of fortune, and reward you by his bounty! Since you have expended all your money and effects in my service, let me beg

of you to accept a small token of my eternal gratitude and esteem in return, to bear your expences; and, pardoning my presumption for offering it, forget me not in your prayers.' Saying this, she made a signal to her steward, who immediately presented me with two purses of gold; and then she desired him to bring me a horse, that I might leave the city the same night.

"Upon this she arose to go away, but seeing I was going to loose her for ever, I stretched out my hand, and catching hold of her robe, besought her to hear my last words. She stopped, and bid me speak. 'Do you remember,' said I, 'that night, when you begged me to put an end to your sufferings, by burying you in some corner, and erase from my memory that such an event had ever happened? If I did wrong in not obeying your desire, punish me accordingly; but if I acted right in saving your life, why will you return evil for good?'—'Alas!' said she, 'what would you have me do?' 'Since life,' said I, 'without your presence is insupportable, one of two things must be done, either let me become one of your servants, or order a slave to free me from all my cares, and bury me in the place where you walk, that my grave may be enlightened by the brightness of your footsteps. There is no alternative, either accept me as a servant, or put me to death.' She smiled at my words, and told me it was foolish to afflict myself to no purpose, for an union with her was impossible.

"Inform me at least," cried I, 'how the entertainment I gave the merchant was so wonderfully prepared; and why he and his slave were so barbarously murdered.' 'That,' said she, 'prudence forbids me to reveal;' and with these words she went away. I was prevented from saying more by the steward, and other attendants, who carried me out of the garden. After again offering me the two purses of gold, which I rejected with disdain, they then shut the door, and left me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE HERMIT: A DRAMATIC TRIFLE.

IN THREE ACTS.

(CONCLUDED.)

ACT THIRD.

Emma. [To Williams.] SIR, you have preserved my life, and I can make no bet-

ter return than by devoting it to your happiness. [Looks confused.]

Williams. Noble, excellent woman, you have made me the happiest of men, and it shall be the study of my life to make you happy, and evince my gratitude for the blessing which your society will give. O! Emma, you know not the greatness of the gift you have bestowed; you know not how long I have loved; how long in vain endeavoured to suppress a passion, which I feared, yet wished to disclose. Think not I ask your hand at the cold and studied suggestions of prudence; no! a nobler motive animates the bosom of MELFIELD! [They all view him with looks of surprise and enquiry.] You, my friends, behold me with surprise: I have accidentally began a tale I should have told before—My name is not (as you have hitherto supposed) Williams; I am a farmer neither by birth or education. My name is Melfield; I once was a merchant, rich, prosperous, and happy; but that time passed away as the noon-day shadow. A series of misfortunes, which prudence could not foresee, nor honesty avoid, left me a bankrupt, and in debt. Unable to remain amidst the scenes of my former prosperity, and endure the reproachful looks of some unfeeling creditors, I retired with my mother to this distant spot, where, by assiduous and unremitting industry, and the blessings of providence, I have been comparatively wealthy. My creditors shall now be paid; I may then return to my native city, without a blush; or remain here, where you, Emma, have conferred a blessing greater than wealth can bestow.

Hammond. Generous, worthy Melfield! I love you, if possible, more than before. The man who can thus support his honour and integrity, and rise superior to misfortune and adversity, well deserves all the happiness this world can bestow. [To Emma and Melfield.] Come, my children, let me unite you. [Joins their hands.] In joining your hands, I gratify my highest wish; and may the blessing of heaven rest upon you and your's; may your happiness be as unmix'd as your souls are uncorrupted.

Enter Merton, who appears surprised.

Merton. Is it possible I can be mistaken, or do I indeed see my old friend, Melfield?

Melfield. You are not mistaken; I am Melfield. Merton, you are most welcome.

Merton. I doubt it not; but had I not met with a disagreeable accident, I should not now have enjoyed the happiness of meeting my friend. But you shall know more hereafter.

Melfield. I rejoice to see you; this is the happiest day of my existence; I am at the summit of bliss; more particularly, as I can now discharge all I owe.

Hammond. [Interrupting him.] We will retire, as business and friendship now occupies your attention.

Melfield. I shall hasten to join you.

[Exit Emma, Hammond and Henry.]

Merton. [To Melfield.] You have wounded my feelings by the offer, and shewn how little you confide in my friendship. I came not here to ask or take your money; I knew not that you were living; I was satisfied with your endeavours to pay me, but never expected or intended to receive any other return than but your friendship. Go, Melfield, pay those harpies whose iron hands would wring the last portion from the possession of the unfortunate! I will take nothing.

Melfield. This cannot be, my generous friend; you must be repaid. [Takes out a pocket-book.]

Enter George, sullenly.

Merton. Here, Sir, is the man to whom I owe my life.

Melfield. Your life, do you say?

George. No, no, it isn't so. [To Merton.] I wish you'd be still about that.

Melfield. George, what is the matter? you seem out of humour.

George. Why I think I've some reason; here I've been a courting Mary Hobson so long; and after all, when she's willing to have me, in comes the devil, and forbids the banns, and knocks all in the head.

Melfield. How did you say? the devil comes in and forbids the banns.

George. Not just that, but almost as bad.

Melfield. Come, George, let us know how this is; perhaps we may be able to assist you.

George. Why I told you before, Mary was willing to have me; well, we thought of nothing now but asking her father and mother, and then getting married. But when I came to ask the crusty old put, her father, he eyed me with an ugly grin, and told me he wasn't a going to give his daughter to one who hadn't a house of his own to put her in, and a farm, and a good many more things I hav'n't got. I told him I was young and able to work; that I would save my money; and I hoped in time, with what assistance he might perhaps give me, we should do very well. This was a rub he couldn't bear—"Out o' my house! out o' my house!" said he, "d'ye think I'm a going to give you my daughter, and my money too? Bless my soul, how impudent the young dogs grow now-a-days." He

said a great deal more I didn't stay to hear. I rushed from his presence, and came here in the sullen humour you saw me.

Merton. Well, never mind it, George, you shall have her notwithstanding; I have lately purchased a farm in this neighbourhood: you have done me a service, which, though you would, I never can forget, nor suffer to pass unrewarded; this farm shall be your's; it shall be conveyed to you, you shall carry the conveyance to your intended father-in-law; nothing softens a narrow-hearted man, so much as a sight of such things.

George. But, Sir, I can't take it.

Merton. Why not take it?

George. Because you owe me nothing, and I have no right to it.

Merton. I owe you much more than this. Further, I only mean to give it conditionally: I have wealth enough to satisfy my utmost wishes; but, should I ever want the necessaries of life, I shall then expect to share your fortune. [*Searches for his pocket-book.*] Ha! this is unfortunate: at this critical moment too, to lose it. It makes—

Melfield. Never mind what it makes; your pocket-book is here. [*Presenting it.*] In looking for my own, I found this in my pocket too. I found it in the wood, near the cave of the robbers; I find it is your's, and am happy in being able to return it. Here is likewise the sum I owe you, and my warmest thanks for its use.

Merton. This I cannot accept; but as you seem inflexibly just, give it to George, it will enable him to stock his farm.

George. No, no, that won't do; give it to somebody else, or keep it yourself; you will make me more in debt than I shall ever be able to pay. I know not how to thank you, for what you have done for me already.

Merton. [*To Melfield.*] Well, since I cannot receive, nor you keep it, I beg, my friend, that you will still retain it in trust, for the use of the unfortunate. Your situation gives you frequent opportunities to exercise your humanity, apply it to this purpose. Meantime, George, go now try your success with the father of Mary; you bear with you my best wishes.

George. I thank you, Sir, sincerely for your good wishes, and for what old Hobson will like better. Farewell, Sir, I shall now get Mary, and she will join with me in wishing you every happiness.

Melfield. [*To Merton.*] Your stubborn generosity compels me to do what I had never intended. It shall ever be held in grateful remembrance; you must not leave us;

you must remain and share my joy; as you once participated in my sorrow. Merton. I shall soon be united to the most amiable of her sex, and it will add to my felicity, if you remain to witness it. [*Exit omnes.*]

SAM SCRIBLER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON MATRIMONY AND CELIBACY.

IN an age so enlightened as the present, in which Philosophy has made the strictest researches; investigated Truth, and discovered her in almost every subterfuge; it is astonishing to behold Matrimony and Celibacy contending for the precedence. There is much contention, but no determination who shall be victor.

On the decision of a controversy, so important as this, there is much depends—it involves the happiness of man. Though undoubtedly the prize should be given to Celibacy; yet Matrimony, conceited by the preference given her, will not yield the palm.

Marriage is no doubt advantageous to the ladies; but to our sex it is a source of wretchedness and misery. When we consider the vanity, caprice, petulance and deceit of the women, we are disgusted with the sex, and at once declare there is no happiness to be expected in a connection so intimate as marriage, with such fiends. They may be borne at a distance; but when we are to be incorporated, as it were, into the same flesh and blood, it is hell upon earth.

We have been told by some philosophers, that women have no souls; and indeed, by the whole tenor of their actions, we may discover the irrational. Their conduct is merely the effect of passion—affront one of them, though inadvertently, she will hear no reason, she is irreconcilable. "Flatter but a woman," says an author, "and she will discover signs of the mania: however deformed, you may persuade her that the sun, moon and stars are eclipsed in the splendour of her beauty." Their husband's fortune, or their own (if they have any) is soon expended on whatever seems to strike their fancy. They have no consideration, they look not to the future; but are all intent upon the enjoyment of the present: they do not foresee that a great fortune may be spent in a little time, by lavishing it away foolishly; and that by extravagance they may soon be reduced to poverty. No, that concerns them little; their only care is to satiate their whimsical humours while they can; it is a matter of indifference to

them how their husbands must labour to support such extravagance.

If even women were as rational as ourselves, we should be at a loss to find that congeniality of soul, and similarity of condition, which are so necessary to conjugal felicity. Could we marry any thing else but women, we should, perhaps, find the marriage state less tormenting; but as it now goes, marriage is misery.—"Marriage makes men sober and dejected—so does misery:—marriage makes people pale, lean, meagre, ghastly—so does misery." We have many instances of blooming pairs growing pale and dejected a few months after marriage; and, though they declare they are in health, and enjoy the greatest felicity, yet their very looks belie them.

As every thing that is new delights the mind for a season, so may a wife; but as an object, which at first sight was pleasing, becomes familiar, so, in proportion, do we view it with indifference, and at last are entirely disgusted with it. For instance, if we hear, for the first time, a melodious air played on a musical instrument, we are transported with it; but if we hear it several times, we become less affected with the melody, and at last are entirely disgusted with it.—And why? Because it is nothing new. So it is the same with a wife; she may please for a while, perhaps a year or two—*O voluptas, brevis durationis!*

But, notwithstanding all this, were it possible to enjoy happiness in matrimony, we should still find other circumstances to render it intolerable. First, the expence attending a family; a wife must have food, clothes, servants; then children, the natural consequence of marriage,—and disquiet, uneasiness and trouble, the effect of children. The parent, knowing the many dangers to which children are exposed, is continually concerned for them; he is apprehensive some accident may befall them, and thus by incessant torments is rendered unhappy!

But now turn away from this scene of trouble, and look at the man in a state of celibacy. Behold him free from care and concern, enjoying his liberty. Every person must undoubtedly know how essential liberty is to happiness. Now in marriage there is no liberty; consequently there can be no happiness. "There is no happiness but in liberty, and no liberty but in celibacy." If the man who is in a state of celibacy, wishes to change his situation in life, he may do it without the fear of injuring his family; if he wishes to travel, or emigrate, he has no family to drag with or oppose him; if he incurs disgrace, he involves

no family in it. From this, then, we may conclude, that the bachelor is the only free and happy man! While, on the contrary, the married man is involved in trouble: having his wife and children to look after, and provide for. He dares not take the least pleasure for fear of his wife, who is continually watching him with a jealous eye.

What wretchedness, O Matrimony, dost thou to man impart,

Whilst thou, O! Celibacy, with joy fills his heart.

A MISOGAMIST.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

(From the Manuscripts of a Lady of Philadelphia.)

The following REFLECTIONS were hastily committed to paper on perusing the truly melancholy account of Mr. BELLAMY.*

DOES there exist on earth, a being, who could, unmoved, peruse the tale of woe now before me? Could the stoutest heart refuse the tribute of sympathy to the relation of sorrows so unparalleled? Ye votaries of insensibility! how, at this moment, I envy you your feelings; your frigid souls protect you from the keenest pangs of sensibility! But I will discard the ungenerous thought, and resign myself to all the luxury of the most refined sorrow. MERCY! Oh! thou divine attribute! the highest attribute of Heaven's High King, why didst thou not arise, and wake the dormant feelings, steel-ed by the stern hand of rigid JUSTICE? why didst thou not step in between, and with thy heavenly benignant smile, wipe off the foul offence, and with the tear of softest pity blot it out for ever? Nature's fondest, most endearing ties, plead in thy behalf—a wife! a mother! an unborn babe!—they plead—but plead in vain.

Man, savage man! oft denies the paltry sums, which misery in the extreme as oft demands; and yet can squander them to gratify ambition, pleasure, or pride,—the short-lived triumph of an hour. There is a something to a virtuous mind so delightful in the idea of contributing to the comfort of a fellow creature, that I am well convinced, could a selfish heart once really enjoy it, would never be exchanged for any other gratification. Unfortunate EDWARD! what fatal star presided at thy birth, and doomed thy sun to set in its meridian splendour! Language the most energetic; the most refined sentiments of delicacy; added to every expression a feeling mind could suggest, would fall far short of what must really have been the situation of

this unhappy pair. Fancy leads me thro' the scene; but oh! I am utterly incapable of describing the anguish which must have dwelt in their minds!—a husband so loved! a friend so valued! cut off by a death so premature, so unexpected! Perhaps fondly hadst thou hoped to see thy beloved offspring raised to be the comfort and support of thy declining age; and when time had silvered o'er thy head, to have dropt quietly into the peaceful tomb, where all our sorrows rest. Oh! BELLAMY! what demon drew aside thy mind from virtue? and why slept thy guardian angel, unmindful of his charge, till thou wert plunged in woe irremediable! Poor hapless mourner! my heart bleeds for the sorrows which *thine* endured—sorrows that want a name; sorrows not to be defined!—Oh! ye sons and daughters of luxury and affluence! turn from those scenes of ill-timed mirth, and behold in yonder corner the disconsolate wife; her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered; while, in all the agony of wild despair, she clasps her feeble hands; and with swollen, but uplifted eyes, implores that mercy from above she found not here below!—Yes! beautiful fair one, it shall be given thee—MERCY's throne is in the skies, and no one there can plead in vain! What a lesson—Oh! ye daughters of vanity! ye who place your happiness in the applause of mortals, frail and inconsistent as yourselves; and on the glittering baubles that injure rather than heighten the native charms of beauty; oh! purify your hearts; wean them from these trifles of a moment, and raise them where true and solid bliss can alone be found. What a lesson of content is conveyed to my mind from this; it teaches me to suppress many idle wishes, which, if gratified, would probably only give birth to more. Oh! may my heart be grateful for the mercies I enjoy; and while I eat my morsel in peace, may I never forget the tear of sensibility, that is due to the memory of this unfortunate pair; and let my constant prayer be, that when the unfortunate survivor leaves this state of probation, Mercy's God may forgive; and that she may live in heaven when time itself shall be no more!

The Anecdotist, No. 6.

VARIOUS ANECDOTES,
Illustrating the History of Manners.

(Extracted from Mr. D'Israeli's "Dissertation on Anecdotes.")

TO inform the world, that in the 16th century, bishops only were permitted the

use of silk; that princes and princesses only had the prerogative of wearing scarlet clothes, either of silk or wool; and that only princes and bishops had a right to wear shoes made of silk:—such anecdotes would appear trivial in the hands of a mere antiquary; but they become important when touched by a philosophical historian. These little particulars awaken in the mind of Voltaire, an admirable reflection: he says, "All these sumptuary laws only shew, that the government of these times had not always great objects in view, and that it appeared easier for ministers to proscribe than to encourage industry."

Had I to sketch the situation of the Jews in the ninth century, and to exhibit at the same time the character of that age of bigotry, could I do it more effectually than by the following anecdote, which a learned friend discovered in some manuscript records:

A Jew of Rouen, in Normandy, sells a house to a Christian inhabitant of that city. After some time of residence, a storm happens, lightning falls on the house, and does considerable damage. The Christian, unenlightened, villainous, and pious, cites the trembling descendant of Israel into court for damages. His eloquent counselor hurls an admirable philippic against this detestable nation of heretics, and concludes by proving, that it was owing to this house having been the interdicted property of an Israelite, that a thunderbolt fell upon the roof. The judges (as it may be supposed) were not long in terminating this suit.—They decreed that God had damaged the house as a mark of his vengeance against the property of a Jew, and that therefore it was but just the repairs should be at his cost.

Perhaps it is to be acknowledged, that the judges were merciful, and the Jew fortunate. To be condemned to rebuild a house, is better than to be burnt with some of its old wood.

I shall add one more instance, which may prove that it is alone by anecdotes the genius of an age or nation is thoroughly to be understood.

The French nation, before their singular revolution, displayed a splendid scene of refinement, of luxury, and of frivolity, which perhaps was never yet presented to the eye of the philosopher, on this theatre of the world. In reading the secret memoirs of that country, (a scandalous chronicle, which was carried on for above thirty years,) one gathers many curious particulars, which can only be found in those fugitive leaves. Religion was forbidden by the philosophers.

* See Repository, pag. 93, Vol. III.

and politics by the government. They exhausted their active and volatile genius, on the objects of taste; taste that they contrived should be the image of both, for it had its heresies and its parties. The theatre, and the bookseller's shop formed the great concerns of the Parisian. Voltaire was more to be dreaded than the prime minister; and Madam Clairon, (their celebrated actress,) appears to have enjoyed the sovereignty of Paris.

Sometimes we observe that a publication fomented a town for a week; the minister sends the author to the bastille for a month: the book is publicly burnt, forbidden to be sold, and every body has it by heart. The police sometimes is so rigid as to put an embargo on all manuscripts; to imprison censors of books, because they suffered passages to be printed, which appeared to the court of an offensive nature; in a word, several printers are compelled to sell their founts, and a dismal barrenness appears in the literature of France.

Sometimes we perceive theatrical representations to be the objects of ministerial vengeance. They forbid a particular play, whose subject might be applicable to the moment; or even a particular passage of a play, which the malicious actor pronounced with emphasis*.

I give one striking example of the national character at this period; and for this purpose I employ the following anecdote:

MOLÉ, a favourite actor, is taken ill, and is confined to his chamber; when this is announced from the stage, the gaiety of Paris suddenly lowers with gloom. The next day his door is besieged by enquiring crowds, his health is the conversation of all companies. It appeared as if Scipio lay confined, and the virtuous Romans passed their hours in melancholy anxiety for the

life of their protector. The physicians find Molé in an exhausted state, and prescribe a free use of wine. This prescription is soon known in the circles at Paris; and Molé finds two thousand bottles of the finest Burgundy sent to his house from various quarters. Molé at length recovers; all Paris rejoices, and rushes to his benefit. Such was the public ardour, that it produced him the amazing sum of 24,000 livres. Molé gratefully receives the valuable tribute of their applause; he was in debt, and the benefit formed all his fortune. How then does Molé apply his 24,000 livres? An Englishman would have purchased an annuity, or perhaps have paid his debts. Molé runs to the jeweller, takes its amount in brilliants, and gives them to his mistress, who boasts that she wears all the honours of the public.

This serves to display at once the frivolity of the nation, and of the individual. All Paris is concerned for the indisposition of an actor, and all terminates in giving diamonds to an impudent brunette.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No. 7.

THE SAME SUBJECT AS NO. 4.

"On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,

"While virtuous actions are but born and die."
DRYDEN.

THAT these lines are a lamentable truth, every reflecting mind must confess; and he who has lived long in the world, knows it by experience. Of this opinion was Shakspeare, as we find in two lines written by him, conveying nearly the same idea as my motto:—

"The evil that men do lives after them;

"The good is oft interred with their bones."

Thus we find, that however numerous may have been a man's good actions, a few errors will do away every good impression. The man whose character is tarnished, if he possesses the feelings of human nature, must lose his peace of mind. The neglect, the scorn of the world, is more than the philosopher himself can bear, when he knows that appearances justify its conduct. Unhappy man! who art thus situated, how acute must be thy feelings!—Thou hast failings—who has not? Thy errors have been numerous—who can resist temptation?—But thy actions have been misrepresented and exaggerated by the base calumniator; thy friends forsake thee; thy enemies rejoice in thy disgrace. Thou mightest perhaps bear thy situation

with some degree of patience, but thou sufferest not alone,—thy family bear with thee thy shame; desperation seizes on thy soul, and the effects are dreadful. The evils of life are numerous, but are greatly increased by calumny. The calumniator strikes at the root of every social tie, the foundation of happiness; for by destroying the confidence of man in man, he destroys all friendly intercourse. Characters of this description (unhappily for the peace of society) are numerous. A man once acquiring a habit of speaking ill of his neighbour, it will never quit him, and he continues doing evil as long as he disgraces the world by his presence. The moral man, with but a small knowledge of human nature, when he reflects on such a disposition, is disposed almost to doubt the possibility of its existence. That one human being should be pleased in causing the misery of another, (for we can suffer no greater unhappiness than that caused by loss of character,) seems contrary to nature. In any class of people this character is odious, but in youth it is infinitely more inexcusable. The man advanced in years has perhaps some excuse; he has felt the gripe of affliction, and often experienced the injustice of the world; his heart therefore becomes callous and misanthropical; and miserable himself, he causes the misery of others. But in youth, when the heart, uncorrupted by intercourse with the world, feels (if ever) for distress, this character is in the highest degree detestable. He who, whilst young, is of this disposition, will find that it will "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," and that whilst he hurts others, he will be unhappy himself: for with all the pleasure he receives in his infamous career, from success, yet it is of such a kind that he will still be miserable. Of this character is EVANDER; nature was not deficient in bestowing on him a handsome form, and good abilities. His situation was such as might have enabled him to make a respectable figure in life, and become a useful member of society. But this evil disposition seemed inherent in him from nature, and shewed itself on all occasions, where opportunity offered to cause disputes among his companions, even in his earliest years. If he saw any among them who had contracted a friendship for each other, he immediately employed all his abilities to break their union, and was too often successful. Tho' he was frequently discovered in his artifices, and rewarded by the contempt of his companions, and sometimes received from them the most severe flagellations, yet it was without effect. As he advanced in years this disposition increased, and

NOTE.

* On the 19th of February, 1762, in playing *TANCRED*, Madam Clairon, when she came to the verses,

"On dépouille Tancrede, on l'exile, on l'outrage,

"C'est le sort d'un Heros d'être persecuté;

"Tout sont parti se tait; qui sera son appui?

"Sa Gloire,

"Un Heros qu'on opprime attendrit tous les coeurs."

This sublime actress made such inflections in her voice, so noble and so penetrating, that all the audience recollected the event of that day, which was a letter de cachet the Marquis de Broglie had received. His name flew from mouth to mouth, (says my reporter,) and the representation was frequently interrupted by loud applauses, which were continually renewed.

The next day the house was forbidden to act the tragedy of *Tancred*, in consequence of what had passed on the preceding representation.

numerous are the mischiefs which he has caused. The husband has by him been basely slandered, the innocence of the wife made to be suspected; and all who have been acquainted with Evander, have at times felt the effect of his envenomed tongue. Such is his character,—envious of the happiness of others, which he cannot feel, a more miserable fellow is not in existence.

He who wishes to raise his name, and have it transmitted to posterity, let him do some deed

"That dungeons, death, or banishment deserves."
JUVENAL.

The greater the crime, the greater his fame; for we find that

"Th' aspiring boy who fir'd the Ephesian dome,
"Outlives in fame the pious fool who built it."
SHAKESPEARE.

PHILADELPHUS.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 11, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

VARIOUS accounts concur in stating, that the phenomenon of the shooting stars, which was seen at Richmond, (Vir.) in April last, was also seen in other parts of the United States, both to the eastward and southward.

A London Paper mentions, that, on the 1st of April, while the sailors were employed in unloading sugar and salt-petre from on board a vessel just arrived from Madras, they discovered in the hold of the vessel, a green serpent of a monstrous size. The sight of him spread general terror, as it was known that his bite was instant death. Means of killing him were adopted with success. He was as green as grass, and measured 16 feet in length, and 18 inches in circumference. It is supposed this animal slipped into the vessel at night, while she was at anchor at Madras, attracted probably by the odour of the sugar. The bite of this animal is said to be much more dangerous than that of a rattle-snake.

AN Italian Gazette observes, on the subject of the enormous fishes lately taken at port St. Elpidio, that this is not the first time that cetaceous fishes have been seen in the Adriatic: That in 1715, one appeared near the port of Pesaro. It was taken, and weighed 30,000 lb.!

AT Patcham, near Brighton, a short time since, a couple entered into the holy bands of wedlock, whose ages added together amount to 140 years, the bride being 65, and the bridegroom 75. The bridegroom received his bride from the hand of a person aged 85, and the bride's-maid is on the wrong side of 50. This fond pair appeared highly delighted with their new situation, and in the evening gave a handsome nuptial festivity at their residence at Withdean. [Lon. Pa.]

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following is taken from a Paris paper of the 24th March—"A person aged 25 years, who served for three campaigns in the capacity of Second Lieutenant in the 3d Battalion of the Department of Aube, being now the mother of three male infants, born at a birth, and all living, finding herself in extreme indigence, addresses herself to the minds of sensibility, craving relief."

EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF MALKIN.

THERE has died lately at Hackney, in England, a youth of 6 years and a half old, who was a prodigy of learning and genius, named *Thomas William Malkin*. He understood his own language, and spoke and wrote in it with uncommon facility and correctness, and had so far advanced in his study of the Latin language, as to read easily the most familiar works of Cicero. He had also made some progress in French, and knew so much of Geography, that he not only was able to reply without hesitation to all questions respecting the situation of the principal countries, rivers and towns, but he could execute charts with a neatness and precision, quite surprising. Without any lesson, he had pushed his talents for painting so far, that he had taken copies of the heads of Raphael, if not with the success of the first scholars, yet with a style and expression which discovered original genius, and a knowledge of his models. But what distinguished him was, a force of mind, and a readiness to comprehend all subjects, even such as were most foreign from his studies. With all his love of study, he still looked in health: was active and full of life. At his studies only he appeared more grave, but it was not difficult to detach him from any studies, by proposing any active sports to him. He had even formed in his imagination, a country which he called Allestone, of which he was to be king. This was a kind of Utopia to him, tho' he never had heard of that celebrated political romance. He wrote the history of this country, and drew a curious and ingenious map of it, giving names of his own invention to the principal towns, mountains, and rivers. And as he had a fondness for science, he founded Universities, established professors, and gave statutes and rules to them. His last sickness, which he supported with patience and courage, gave him an opportunity to shew, that he knew how to employ the treasures he had amassed, for his own consolation and to fortify his mind against distress. He employed himself in bed reviewing what he had read, seen, or done while in health. The most indifferent objects passed as distinctly before his mind, as if they had appeared for the first time. One day when he was very ill, he wished to know the sense of the words, *still born*, which he had read upon a grave-stone. He spoke often of his recovery but never with impatience. The triumph of his mind over the body was so constant and so complete, that half an hour before his death, he appeared perfectly engaged with his maps of Geography. Without entering into the minute circumstances of the sickness of this youth, of such extraordinary powers, we cannot agree in the opinion, that an early development of the faculties of mind is made at the expence of health and life. The head of young Malkin was opened after his death, and examined attentively. The brain was of an extraordinary size, but in good order. The seat of the evil was in the stomach. This youth, with his perfect organization, might hope

for the age of man, had he not suffered from those accidental evils to which man is exposed in all periods of his existence. [Sa. Reg.]

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 10th ult. at Friends' Meeting-house, in Market-street, Mr. *James Canby Miller*, of Wilmington, (Del.) to Miss *Eliza Roberts*, daughter of Catherine Roberts, of this city.

—, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. James Cohen, Mr. *Isaac Lyons*, to Miss *Rachael Cohen*, both of this city.

—, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wharton, Mr. *William Weems*, of Calvert county, (Maryl.) to Miss *Mary Kinsey*, of Burlington, (N. J.) daughter of the late Chief Justice Kinsey.

—, on the 1st inst. by Joseph Cowperthwait, esq. Mr. *Jesse Shoemaker*, Lumber merchant, to Miss *Charlotte Gibbs*, both of the Northern Liberties.

—, at Germantown, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bunkel, Mr. *Robert Bringhurst*, coachmaker, to Miss *Margaret Erewster*, of this city.

—, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *Peter Somers*, merchant, to Miss *Eliza Buzby*, both of this city.

—, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. *George Izard*, of Charleston, (S. C.) to Mrs. *Elizabet Carter Shippen*, of Farley, Bucks county.

—, on the 8th inst. by Dr. Reid, Capt. *William Dalzell*, of this city, to Miss *Ann Enos*, of Delaware.

—, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *C. N. Buck*, to Miss *Smith*, daughter of Robert Smith, esq.

Deaths.

DIED, at Hamburgh, on the 12th of January last. Capt. *William Bell*, of a consumption. Capt. Bell was well known, for many years, as a trader between this city and Hamburgh.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor has been favoured, through the politeness of a friend, with the manuscript papers of a lady of this city, from which the *Reflections* on the fate of the unfortunate *BELLAMY*, published in this day's Repository, are taken. These manuscripts are partly original, and partly selected: further extracts from them will be occasionally given.

From previous arrangements, *Ann Lively's* reply to *Misner's* could not be published this week: her earnest request, however, is under consideration for the next number.

S. in the same predicament.

Account of the *Auto da fe*, in the Romish church, is on file.

We can discover nothing in the least mysterious in *ebT repaH*.

The Contrast is a charming sample of the rodomantade-stile.

The philippic of *A Misogamist*, against Matrimony, will no doubt meet the attention of the champions of the ladies.

Small Talk, No. II unavoidably postponed, shall appear in our next.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FLIGHT OF INDOLENCE.

ADDRESSED TO X. W. T.

ALL listless and languid, a prey to that pow'r
Who rules each numb'd senser with his lethargic sway,
On the grass-sodded couch of a close-entwin'd bow'r,
Beside the fiend INDOLENCE, captiv'd I lay:

O'er my head, quite neglected and swinging in air,
Hung my pipe, which (its notes tho' so artless and wild)
Once had power, with its carols to soften each care,
And e'en now lent a note, and my sorrows beguill'd:

For oft the young Zephyrus, child of sweet spring,
As he wanton'd all gaily the shady bow'r through,
Stay'd the light'ning-like speed of his fluttering wing,
And soft in my 'horn pipe his balmy breath blew:

The last beam of day, trembling bright in the west,
Just smil'd on the world that it soon was to leave,
To Heav'n each sweet bird had its vespers address'd,
And scarce a sound stole on the silence of eve....

'Twas then (still how dearly the music I prize!)
A full swell of harmony burst on my ear;
Seem'd to bid the dull sluggard from torpor arise,
And seize on the pipe that hung, tempting, so near.

"Ah! my poor reed," I cried, "canst thou still pour a
lay?"

"Has Zephyrus taught thee to warble that strain?
"Fain would I thy gentle commandment obey,
"Could I burst the strong bonds of my fell tyrant's
chain."

I essay'd—with one effort I rose from the ground,
While swift fled the fiend from soft melody's pow'r;
I look'd 'towards my pipe, but it breath'd not a sound,
Though the dulcet notes still floated faint thro' the
bow'r.

Fond *Lindor*! and could'st thou suppose they were thine?
Thy simple reed ne'er could such silver tones know;
Oft I've heard this sweet strain, as it's breathings
divine
Spread around gentle peace and assuag'd ev'ry woe.

I've heard it in matins ascend to the sky,
E'er the warm sun had drank up the dews of the morn;
At ev'ning I've heard it, as to the Most High,
Its chauntings on light clouds of ether were borne.

And now, as I hear it, it hastes to my aid,
The enchantment it breaks that has bound me so long,
Bids the dull dæmon, *Indolence*, fly from the shade,
And awakes me to life by the magic of song.

Then quick let me seize thee, thou rustic-ton'd reed,
For a response I'll give—and tho' simple my skill,

Yet the throbs of the heart, from cold apathy freed,
Shall warm each faint note, and shall speak in each
trill. LINDOR.
JUNE 6, 1803.

THE INTRODUCTION.

YE gentle Maids and ye great learned Squires,
Who shine with honour on D. Hogan's sheets;
O hear a simple youth, one who aspires
To sit with you on your exalted seats.

Deign, mighty Sirs, to give the list'ning ear,
While I of you a favour humbly ask,
While my heart trembles between hope and fear,
And shrinks with terror from the arduous task.

Know then, great Sirs, that I'm an unlearn'd youth,
That earns my bread with saw, with planes and ham-
mer;

Who never in my life (I speak with truth)
Committed to my mind one rule of grammar:

Yet often, in those hours from labour free,
I sit with *Contemplation*, sober maid,
Beneath the boughs of some wide-spreading tree,
Or stray at eve amid the twilight shade—

And as we stray together, she will oft
Fill my fond breast with various kinds of matter;
Sometimes a tale of love, so sweet and soft,
And sometimes something of a harder nature.

These whispers, Sirs, I by your leave will give,
In black and white, so plain to Mister Hogan;
Tho' much I fear you will not let them live,
But kill them with a cruel Critic flogging.

Yet gentle Hope, to fill my breast with joy,
Whispers to me, "they will not be severe;
"Tell them, O Peter, you're a poor rough boy,
"Who hath not look'd upon your twentieth year."

Then, learned Sirs, an unlearn'd boy befriend,
Nor curse with critic's scorn my youthful lays;
Lo! on my marrow bones to you I bend,
And ask you for an ounce or two of praise.

If, gentle Sirs, you let me once begin,
I now and then will sing a doleful ditty;
And now and then, a bit to make you grin,
And ope your mouth like braying asses pretty.

Bless me! I've all this while forgot to speak
To those sweet Maids whose names grace Hogan's
pages;

Who, tho' they do not write in learned Greek,
Will yet descend with fame to future ages.

Sweet girls! don't with your scissors clip the wings
Of one who long has been your sworn admirer;
One who with *Ramsay's* art most sweetly sings,
When powerful beauty is his song's inspirer:

But with a smile, that proves your words sincere,
Say, that you think I make most charming metre;
Say, that you think I sing both sweet and clear,
And then you all shall have....a kiss from

PETER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY:

OLD SOLDIER.

By *Fentham*.

ONCE, gay in life, and free from anxious care,
I thro' the furrows drove the shining share;
I saw my waving fields with plenty crown'd,
And yellow *Ceres*, joyous, smile around:
'Till rous'd by freedom at my country's call,
I left my peaceful home, and gave up all.
Now forc'd, alas! to beg my hard-earn'd bread,
This crazy body longs to join the dead:
Ungrateful country! when the danger's o'er,
Your bravest sons cold charity implore.

Children of wealth, in downy pleasure bred;
Pamper'd in ease, by fav'ring fortune fed;
Who view with thoughtless eye the humble poor,
That glean their scanty meals from door to door;
Ah! heave for me a sympathetic sigh,
And wipe the falling tear from sorrow's eye.

The following Parody was written for the use of Boys.
The writer found they were fond of speaking the above,
and hence he wished to deduce a lesson which might
more immediately lead to their instruction.

PARODY.

ONCE gay in youth, and free from anxious care,
Dick trudg'd to school, and heard the morning pray'r;
Each day mov'd on with health and pleasure crown'd,
And saw his playmates, joyous, smile around:
'Till lurd by pleasure, deaf to conscience' call,
He left his school, his books, and gave up all;
Soon learn'd to drink, to lie, to swear and game,
And rose superior to the blush of shame—
Laugh'd loud at Virtue as a common pest,
And made Religion mild, a standing jest;
Roar'd loud in taverns, bullied in the street,
And cast all law and order under feet....
'Till seiz'd at last, for crimes, to prison led,
Doom'd to saw stones, and live on mouldy bread;
Wear clanking chains, heave the repentant sigh,
Fearful of death, yet wishes oft to die:
Oft he laments the day he left the school,
To follow idle boys, and play the fool.

COLUMBIAN YOUTH! in downy pleasure bred,
Pamper'd by ease, by fav'ring fortune fed,
Attend to Virtue! all her ways are pure,
Sweet are her counsels, her rewards are sure;
From vice and folly early strive to fly,
And heave for poor repenting Dick a sigh.

SELECTED.

EPIGRAM.

DO you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—
—She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And cried, You've sworn, now kiss the book.